

was there. So I drove up to McClellan and checked in, and I was assigned to CCC duty with a company to be located in a camp in Blue Mountain, Mississippi. And they were leaving by rail three days later, so I had to get the car back to where my family was staying in Birmingham.

I got on the train at Fort McClellan with a bunch of boys and the captain who was commander and a couple of other officers -- this man Whatley was one of them -- and we went to Blue Mountain, Mississippi, where we established a camp on the **grounds of a girls' college** in June of '33. It was an odd situation. Fortunately, the dormitories weren't occupied in the summer for they didn't have summer school in those days. It was a little dinky place, but we set up the camp, and it was pretty good experience. These were all southern boys, largely farm boys. They needed **the money**. **They felt pretty big for their britches, and there** wasn't too much discipline, but we had to instill it. And what we really were was the administrative team -- see to it they were housed and fed, disciplined and cared for medically, and so on. The Forest Service or Soil Conservation, or some state agency, furnished supervision of the work.

Q: But you were Engineers who were doing the other work?

A: At that moment I wasn't an Engineer, **I was an** available officer. And there were about six or eight of these camps within a radius of about 35 miles. Several of us had our wives come up to the **little town of Ripley about** 15 miles away. They had a hotel there where the wives could stay, and their room and board was **\$30** a month. About two or three times a week we'd get to go in and spend the night with our wife, whoever could get away.

I learned more about leading people and getting **people to** do things without beating them over the head. The first problem was a boy one night who'd gotten too much to drink, and he was really drunk, oh boy. It took about ten people to grab him and hold him. The company commander had something to take care of it and went to get some ipecac. Now I had never **seen ipecac** used, and he said, "**Hold** his mouth open." And somebody held his mouth open and

Captain Camp dropped half a bottle of ipecac in his throat. Then he said, "Now you can turn him loose." And sure enough, this had a remarkable effect. We never had any more drunks the whole time I was there. He lived, of course, he was just feeling kind of bad.

About the middle of August I got orders to go on to the Engineer School, which is where I had been going anyway. Yes, I had a siege of CCC, and that's why I thought in terms of getting reserve officers who had been on that kind of duty when I was activating the 79th Engineers, because you did learn the living, housing, and eating business; and discipline, which lets you get started so you can do some training.

Q: Where did you go from there?

A: Next we went to the Engineer School for the regular company officer's course, which was an interesting year, not terribly head-stretching. Then I went to West Point as an instructor in military engineering and military history.

At West Point, Westmoreland was one of my students, Throckmorton, Fred Clarke, Abrams.<sup>32</sup> Fred Clarke was the class of '37; Throckmorton, '35; Abrams and Westmoreland, '36. Goodpaster was a cadet.<sup>33</sup> His father-in-law was an executive officer at the military academy later on. I knew his wife, his father-in-law, and mother-in-law as well as him.

Abrams was one of the best soldier's soldiers, I believe. Later on I visited him around the world from time to time on inspection or one thing or another, and he impressed me every time. He was down to earth and knew what he was doing, knew how to get it done. Of course, looking at it from the viewpoint of Vietnam, none of them look too good because that wasn't the right kind of war to be in. When you go back to it, there hasn't been a war since World War II that we've tried to win. We've tried just to not lose them, and that makes a helluva difference. You know, in a football game like last week's Rose Bowl [January 1978] one team was beating the daylights out of the other. But then they decided to be conservative and just hang on, and zingo, two touchdowns and the other team